

HEROICK ⁵⁷
POEMS
ON

Several Subjects:
VIZ.

*Upon the safe Arrival of His Majesty King WILLIAM
the Third, in Holland, this Summer Anno 1701.*

*An Acrostick, Composed in Memory of the Deceased, His
late Royal Highness William Duke of Gloucester.*

*Upon the Departure of Count de Avaux, the French
Embassador, from Holland.*

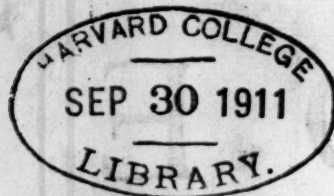
*Upon His Majesty's Return to England, on the 4th of
November, 1701.*

*In Commemoration of the Discovery of the Horrid Popish
Powder-Plot : As also in Commemoration of the late
Happy Revolution, by the timely coming over of His
present Majesty King William the Third, of ever
blessed Memory, as on the 5th of November.*

By a true Lover of his King and Country.

L O N D O N,

Printed; and Sold by J. Nutt near Stationers-Hall, 1701.



Castle Fund

Several Subjects:

VIZ

Upon the life and times of the late King William III.

the King's Highness William Duke of Gloucester.

Upon the life and times of the late King James II.

the King's Highness William Duke of Cambridge.

Upon the life and times of the late King George I.

the King's Highness William Duke of Cumberland.

Upon the life and times of the late King George II.

the King's Highness William Duke of Cornwall.

Upon the life and times of the late King George III.

T O
His Most Excellent Majesty,
WILLIAM III.

O F
England, Scotland, France and Ireland,
K I N G,

(Whom God preserve, and grant long to Reign)

The Author humbly Dedicates

the following P O E M S,

With the profoundest Reverence

and Humility, due from a

Subject to his Prince.

T O

His Most Excellent Majesty,

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the following P O E M S,

With the profoundest Reverence

and Humility, to His Majesty

Subject to his Prince.

Heroick Poems.

*Upon the safe Arrival of His Majesty King WILLIAM
the Third, in Holland, this Summer Anno 1701.*

KING WILLIAM's Landed safe on *Holland's* Shore;
Long may he Live, we daily shall implore.
The King of Kings does crown his Head with Gold,
His Heart with Grace of a more refined Mould.

His Wisdom makes his sacred Face to shine ;

Whilst Envy pale his curst Foes does pine.

In Righteousness and Equity his Throne

Establiſh'd is ; Thanks to our God alone.

Was any Nation e're ſo bleſt as we,

In ſuch a Pious Prince, who ſet us free.

Could we aright improve ſuch Bleſſings, then

We might be well ſtil'd, *True born Engliſh-Men.*

Great WILLIAM, Heavens Darling, Angels Charge,

Long may he Reign in his Dominions large.

May the Almighty Power him protect ;

Who to his Church and People bears reſpect.

One of the World's Great Worthies ſure is he,

Who did not ſhun to venture Life, that we

To Popiſh Malice might not be a prey :

Moſt willingly therefore we will obey

Our Lawful, Rightful, Wife and Potent King,
 Who fundry Times to us, does Comfort bring.
 Let Loyal Subjects him due Honour give,
 And pray that he may long, yea, ever Live.
 Stand by him Lord, and prosper all he does :
 Be thou his Guide and Guard where e're he goes.
 Let Shame attend all Plotting, Crafty Knaves :
 Either convert, or send them to their Graves.
 God oft defeated has Conspiracies
 Against his precious Life ; and still he spies
 Both *Hell* and *Rome's* Design : That Serpents Nest
 Shall be thrown down. God orders all forth' best.
 Let former Mercies shewn to this our Land
 Excite to trust in God ; whose mighty Hand
 And stretch'd-out Arm, has been our sure Defence :
 In him we move, and live at his Expence.
 What though both *France* and *Spain* so potent are ?
 Cannot Omnipotence with them compare ?
 God Reigns above, who will their Power defeat :
 In his due time he'll cause them to retreat,
 Did not *Jehovah* ruine *Pharaoh's* Host ?
 Who did profanely vaunt it out, and boast,
 I will o'return, I will divide the Spoil :
 But the *Red Sea* him and his Force did foil.
 Our *English Israel*, good Lord respect ;
 King *WILLIAM* bless, and ever him protect.
 Oh keep him safe, and give him Health and Peace :
 To guide and guard him, good Lord never cease.

Vivat W. Rex.

*An Acrostick, Composed in Memory of the Deceased, His
late Royal Highness, William Duke of Gloucester.*

With Angels pure, Great Gloucester does sing :
I Jesus, his Saviour, now has Crown'd him King.
Live you by Faith, with Patience run your Race ;
Looking and longing to behold God's Face.
In Grace, on Earth, he many did excel :
And now in Glory, Oh what Tongue can tell !
Mortals may guess, but William knows right well. }
Death to Believers is their greatest Gain :
Unsting'd by Christ, it can no longer pain.
Kings, Dukes and Nobles, all must yield to Death ;
E're long expecting to give up their Breath.
On shortness of Time, it's good to reflect :
For it is most swift. Be then circumspect.
Great is your Loss, Prince George and Princess Anne :
Lament with you, should every English-man.
Oh England weep, thy Loss is very great :
Venture a Tear. Let many this create.
Can Protestants forbear to mourn and weep !
Excellent William, now the Grave doth keep.
Stay, cease a while, Great WILLIAM is alive,
Triumphing Reigns, to God the Glory give.
Eternal Life we hope he has attain'd :
Riches of Glory, Gloucester has gain'd.

The Wise shall inherit Glory.

Upon

*Upon the Departure of Count de Avaux, the French
Embassador, from Holland.*

FROM *Holland* now, Count *de Avaux* is gone:

Its more like War, then Peace, here's Ten to One.

We now treat *France* with Sword, Powder, and Shot,

Until with Heavens aid the Field we've got.

Stout Marriners, and Valiant Souldiers Fight :

We hope e're long you'l put our Foes to Flight.

What though both *France*, *Savoy*, and *Portugal*,

With *Spain* oppose, we on our God will call ;

Who teaches hands to War, fingers to Fight,

In doing *England* good he does delight.

The Emperour together with our King,

France haughty looks down will in due time bring.

It matters not how *Lewis* struts himself :

Though Clergy flatter, and assist with pelf.

The cry of blood, aloud for vengeance calls,

Which has been shed within great *Paris* Walls.

In vain will Priests absolve ; whom God Condemns,

Them, and their deeds, a Righteous one Contemns.

And if they don't confess, yea and forsake

Their bloody projects, Heaven will make them quake,

And tremble too ; they do begin to fear :

How pale they look ! how wan do they appear !

When forc't in *Italy* to quit their post ;

Stout *Germans* fought, a Thousand *French* were lost.

An Arm of flesh is but infirm and weak,

A mighty God can soon in peices break

Them

Them, and their strongest force, though Hell combine
 With subtilty to further their design.
Imperialists in *Italy* succeed ;
 The *Adige*, *Po*, and *Mincio's* past indeed.
 Into the *Milaneze* we hope they'l get,
 And dispossess the *Gauls*, who scarce dare lett.
 Go on Prince *Eugene*, for to Conquer still
 Thy deadly Foes, thou hast begun to kill.
 Thy Conduct brave we cannot but admire,
 Further Success we gladly do desire.

*Upon His Majesty's Return to England, on the 4th of
 November, 1701.*

ONCE more Great *WILLIAM* to the *English* Shore
 Returned is : Like mercy heretofore
 We have enjoy'd ; to Praise God never cease,
 But beg of him Prosperity, and Peace,
 May wait on him : who to our rescue came,
 And did insulting Adversaries tame.
 His fame does spread throughout the spacious Earth :
 Oh Happy Day ! that was the Day of Birth
 To such a Gracious Prince who Rules these Lands :
 Blest are those Subjects who his Just Commands
 Obey, and willingly due Honour give
 To him, who does in spight of his Foes live.
 Long may he live and sit upon the Throne ;
 We'l revere no King, but *WILLIAM* alone.
 Pretended *James* the Third we disrespect,
 Though Lofty *Lewis* him does now protect.

We will not have an Illegitimate
 To be our King ; a better Potentate
 Does sway the Scepter ; him will we obey,
 And for long Life most heartily will pray.
 That we under his shadow may rejoyce,
 And be most happy in him : the best Choice
 That ever *England* made of humane race.
 Most glad are we when we behold his Face.
 To venture Life, he spares not for our good :
 For true Religion he has firmly stood.
 He's wife, and pious, generous, and brave,
 He grants in reason what his people crave.
 His prudent Conduct, does attract our love
 Unto his Person ; who, like *Noah's Dove*,
 Did bring the Olive Branch of comfort, when
 A Deluge threatned to drown *English-Men*.
 Heavens protect and prosper *Brittains King* ;
 With the Confederates, may every thing,
 That they in wisdom shall contrive and act,
 Tend to our good, whilst *French* themselves distract
 With anxious Cares about their ill success
 In *Italy* ; their numbers daily less.
 Their want of Coin, does not a little grieve
 Their Tyrant Prince, who's skillful to deceive.
 But *English* Subjects yield obeisance to
 A Protestant, whose piety they know
 Does not consist in meer External words :
 And this to them Complacency affords.
 Loyal Addresses many did present,
 Which we believe were for a good intent.
 Therein they do express their fervent Zeal,
 For th' Monarchs good, and for the Publick's Weal.

In

In Commemoration of the Discovery of the Horrid Popish Powder-Plot : As also in Commemoration of the late Happy Revolution, by the timely coming over of His present Majesty, King William the Third, of ever blessed Memory, as on the 5th of November.

NOVEMBERS Horrid Popish Powder-Plot,
By *English-Men* should never be forgot.

That sordid project, was a *Romish* Brat,
Begotten by the great Old Serpent ; that
Conspirators does teach, how under-ground
Concerns to manage, till God did confound
And bring to nought mischievous *Faux* design,
That wretched Caitiff, who did under-mine.
In Cellars low to lay a secret Train
Of Gunpowder ; but laboured in vain.
Th' All-seeing Eye, that pierces through the Cloud ;
Did see the Villain, where, and how he stood.
Jehovah did prevent intended harm,
And for our safety, soon out-strech't his Arm
Of mercy : now deliverance is wrought,
And we out of the Fowler's snare are brought.
Ascribe we then salvation to our God,
Who might have caus'd us feel his smarting Rod.
We never can enough him celebrate
Who Reigns above, Enthron'd in Splendid State.
Another Mercy we must call to mind,
On the Fifth of *November* ; God most kind
And gracious, did send King *WILLIAM* o're :
And Landed safe upon the *Brittish* Shore.

Repeated

Repeated favours call aloud for Praise,
 With joyful Acclamations on these Days.
 That those to come may hear what has been done:
 Then they'll Commemorate when we are gone.
 Just when our case was almost desperate,
 Triumphant comes Great *WILLIAM* to the State,
 Then Prince of *Orange*. Happy News indeed,
 Who did Assistance give in time of need.
 When Landed safe he further Progress makes,
 Anon we hear great Towns his Subjects takes.
 True Protestants Proclaim him to be King;
 Is here not cause of Mirth? Should we not sing
 Our songs of Gratitude with great delight?
 That notwithstanding all the Hellish spight
 Of Popish Foes, could not retard our Cure,
 Perform'd by him who ever does endure.

Soli Deo Gloria.

F I N I S.
